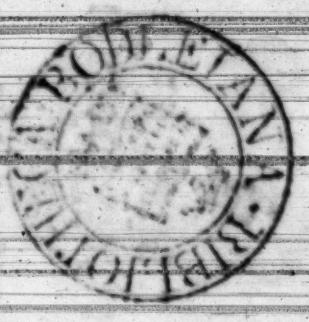
AN EX
HORTATI-
ON TO
Styre all Englyshe men
to the defence of
theyr coun-
trey,
made by Richarde
Morysine.


BODLEIAN
BIBLIOTHECA

L BE IT THE kynges hyghnes is, and hath bene a longe season in leage with all chrysten pyncis, and hauyng giuen no iust cause of breache, to any of them, myghte rather loke for kyndenes, than thynke to receyue any displeasure at theyr handes, Yet for as moche as guyle may be, where none can be mystrusted, and deceyte hydde, where great cause of frendeshyp is, me thynke, whan tokens of peace are taken awaye, and many suspytions of warre lefte in their places, loue and dewetie bynde all englyshe men, both to say and do, al that they iudge to be for noble Englandes honour, welthe, and saketie. I knowe ryght well, that the office and parte of all good men is, to desyre peace, concorde, and erneste amitie, betwene nation and nation, and yet if ennemies assaute vs, it myght well be accompted extreme madnes, and we more than madde, not to auoyde our owne slaughter, yea though it were with the slaughter of many other. God gaue

If men coulde as well see the danger in a bodye polytike, as they can in a bodye naturall, we shuld lyttell nede any commaundement of god, to obeye, serue, and loue our rulers. Lyttell nede any examples to prouoke vs to fyghte our selues, and to leaue them in safetie, if we coulde perceyue the losse that a countrey susteyneth, whan it loseth a good gouernour. kynge Dauid, where as his people was goinge ageynste Absalome and other rebelles, sayde to them, I wol also go forth with you. Noo syr, saythe the people, ye shal not go, for whether we fle or be slain, ye shall euer be able to haue a newe host. you alone are counted for.x. M. men. It is a princis part, to se that his subiectes, haue capitaynes, vnder whom they may shewe, what hartes they beare to theyr countrey, what loue they owe to theyr soueraygne: A princis office, to prouyde, that the capitaynes haue men wel furnished, well appoynted, mete to doo theyr feate. And as kynges are bound to omyt nothynge, that they iudge woll serue for the defence of their people, soo is it the

bounden

bounden duetie of all subiectes, of what degree so euer they be, to serue their countreye in suche sorte, as their prynce and heed shall appoynt them. He that redeth the hystoryes of Ethenickes, and seeth, what they dyd for their countreys sake, can not but thynke, that christen men lyttell nede any exhortation, to sturre them to the defence of their countrey. The examples of them ar so many, so wonderful, that if nothyng els moued vs, shame me thynke were inoughe to compell men of any honest nature, not to be soo farre behynde theym, with whome they wolde thynke great scorne to be compared. Let there be nothynge els to inuite vs, to the loue of it, beside their dedes, maye not shame, if dutie be not able, to enforce men christened, men professynge Christes religion, to shewe, that they haue lerned as moche by Christe, as ethenickes and paganes toke of naturall influence: whan they had done what they could, spending bodyes, goodes, and lyues to, for their countreys sake, howe lyttell was the rewarde they loked for: what other thynge

ſought they, than honeſte fame, of that they? ſo honeſt doinge. Plutarche wry-teth a ſtraunge ſtorye of kynge Midas ſonne. There was, ſayth he, in this kinges realme Phrigia, a great gappynge of the erthe, moche water ſwellynge out of it, hurlynge downe as many houſes as ſtode any thynge nyghe. Ancurus, the kynges ſonne, borne to inherite after his father, a yonge man, maryed wonderful moche to his contentation, hearynge of ſuche as toke vpon them to knowe, how goddis ire myght be lenified and aſſwaged, that this breache of the erthe wolde cloſe ageyne, if ſome one lept into it, Ancurus I ſaye, a frayde, leſte ſome other ſhoulde haue preuented hym, kyſſed the kynge his father and his wyfe, and forth with fell into that gappynge erthe. This breache dyd but lyttell hurte, it had ſunkyn but a fewe houſes, and all be it men thoughte it wolde haue ſunken moo, yet percaſe it myght haue gone to gether ageyne, though he had kept hym ſelfe out of it. Undoubted it myght haue done ſo, but loue ſeketh noo *percaſes*, ne vſeth any

delayes

delayes, where greatte peryll areth pre-
sent helpe. His death was very certayne,
and he wonderous vncertayne, whether
by that his deathe, his countrey shuld be
ryd of daunger or no.

¶ Curtius that noble Romayne, dyd e-
uen vpon lyke occasion, the lyke for his
countreye. If these men had ben put to
forbearynge a lyttell money, their coun-
trey beinge in ieoperdy, their enneinyes
assauting them, trowe ye, they that thus
lost their lyues, or rather bestowed them
vppon their countreye, wolde haue sta-
gard at the gyuynge of a lyttel moneye?

¶ The Lacedemoniens slew Xerxes am
bassatour, contrary to the law of al nati-
ons, which wol, bothe in time of peace &
warre, al ambassatours to come safe and
go safe. They were not longe after, very
sore plagued with a gret pestilence, whi-
che they toke as sĕt for that their vltrage.
And where as it was thought the sicke-
nes encreasynge dayely more and more,
that some of them, must of necessitie goo
to Xerxes, and there by their owne death
satisfy for hym, whom they had wrong-

fully slayne, Spartius and Bulides. ii. verye welthy citezens, went thither, and there despyzed the hangeman, they might be trust vp. These mẽ passed lyttel of life where they had but a slender hope, that theyr deathe might profit theyr countrey. ¶ Gaius Marius dzeamed, that if he did offer vp his doughter Calphurnia in sacrifice, he shuld ouercome the Cymbzi-ens, fierce and cruell ennemyes to his countrey. In the moznynge, callyng his dzeame to mynde, sozy to slee his dough-ter, sozyer his countrey shulde stande in ieoperdie, he toke a knyfe, and folowed his dzeame. Erecteus, a man wonderful moche in loue with his doughter, vppon lyke occasion dyd euen the same. But to passe ouer manye an hundzed hystozies, wozthy all eternall memozye, I can not without moch my dispzayse, sucker noble Themistocles, to lose his pzayse. This valiant capitayne, not withstandyng he hadde done moze honour to Athens his countrey, then did almost any other, was in spyte of all his memozable victozyes, banyshed Athens. vndoubtedly if there

were

were any cause, that myght make a man enmy to his countrey, Themistocles had sure a iuste cause, to be vtter ennemye to Athens. He was than exyled, whan there were fewe pryncis, fewe nations, vnto whom, for the defence of his countreye, he had not done some displeasure. The choyse was so euyll, the shyftes so fewe, that he was constrayned to seke fauoure at Xerxes hande, kynge of the Persians whom he had not longe before discomfited in battayl. Which Xerxes in loue with vertue, taken with noble courage, yea thoughe it were his ennemye, coulde not but hyghly entertayne Themistocles. To be shorte, there was no man lesse beholdyng to his countrey than he, no man more bound to Xerxes than he was. The kynge laye sore vpon hym, oft prayenge hym, that he wolde conducte his hoste agaynste the vnkynd Atheniens. Themistocles stylle refused it, and where as the kynge wolde make no ende of entysyng hym agaynste his countreye, he neyther kyndynge in his harte to do soo, neyther intendynge to deceyue a kynge, whome he

he had founde so beneficiall, thoughte it a lesse faut to rydde hym selfe by poyson, than to go with an armye ayenst his natiue countrey.

¶ Cretinus Magnesius his countreye being at warre with kyng Mithridates, gaue his assent, that one callid Hermias his great enemye, shulde be capitayne ayenste Mithridates, promisynge by solempne protestation, that he wolde in the meane season banysche him selfe his cõtrey, leste there might rise som tumulte & busynes by their two factions. But Hermias, knowynge Cretinus to be the better capitayn of both, for the loue he bare to his countrey, gaue that honour to his enemie, and after banished hym selfe his countrey, tyll the warre was at an ende. Percase the byshop of Rome is perswaded, that men here ar of two sortes, some yet remaynynge his true frendes. Reynard his man, may put this in his heed. But I truste they bothe be decepued. I truste there be verye fewe, but they feele their knowlege moche enlightned, sithẽs this good father, with his trumpery and

bag gage

baggage departed hens, enforced to dis-patche his wares in some other markets of fooles, Fewe I thynke, but beynge brought from suche a sorte of errours, in to so many truthes, truthes that so doo quiet all troubeled consciences, but they fynde greatte causes, to be gladde of the chaunge. The way, that was this many hundred yeres kepte shutte, is nowe, god and the kinges highnes be thanked, layd open. God instilleth his fayth into mans harte, by his apoynted ordynaunce, that is by worthy herynge of the gospell. All men, sayth saynt Paule, that call rightly vppon the name of god, shall be saued. But howe, saythe he, can they call vpon hym, in whome they beleue not? Howe can they beleue hym, of whom they here not? how can they here of him, if no man preache hym? howe can they preche hym, that are not sente? so that we see by this gradation, the onely way to the knowe-lege of faith, to the stycknge vnto god-dis promyses, is heryng his word. This waye is layde open. knoweledge appro-cheth, errours are takynge theyr vyage.

The

The bysshop of Rome, forseing the damages that ensue to hym and his, by the commynge forth of goddis word, knowing also, howe moch his vantages maye dayly encrease, yf errours be reteyned in all christen kyngedomes, doth and wolle do what he can, to ouertrunne this way, with a pestyferouse Poole, that floweth out of course, that seketh ayenst nature, to destroy the heed, from whense it fyrste dyd sprynge. The bysshoppe seeth, if we walke in this way longe, he must walke to that he came fro, that is, to pouertie, to preachynge, to humilite, and to obeysaunce. This is it, that wryngeth hym, at this he fretteth, for this he sturreth all these coles. They are lyttell acqueynted with the bishop of Romes practises, that thynke, he styreth pynces ayenste vs, for any loue or desyre he hath to auaunce goddis honour. His hole actes declare hym to meane al thyng rather than that. Who can beleue, he wold take suche peynes, susteyne suche charges, to seeke oure helth and safetie, whan he treadeth them vnder his fete, at his owne dores, whiche

Poole

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layne wolde enter into our religion, and may not: He hath dwellyng in his owne citie of Rome many, that moche couet to be chrystened, whom he wol in no case receyue, excepte they forsake all their goodes, and gyue theym hole vnto hym. I meane the poore iewes, whiche are soo spoyled of hym, whan god gyueth them his greatteſt giftes, faithe and affiaunce, that theyr synnes ſhall be forgyuen, that it wolde pytie an hethen harte, to ſe his tyrranny ouer them. If it pleaſe the holye gooſte, to call any of theym, to Chryſtis layth, this good father, ſtarteth betwene them, and ſaythe there is a playne texte, excepte a man renounce all that he hath, he may not be my diſciple. Is not this a good ſhepeherde, that woll not receiue ſhepe, which are ſtrayed from the flocke, excepte they giue hym money? A iewe for money, is made a ryght chriſtian. And a right chriſtian is taken for a miſcreaunt, for a iewe, for a turke, if he refuſe to giue a pounde for that is not worthe a penye. This good byſhoppe loued vs excedyng tenderlye, as longe as we gaue to hym frankely

frankely our syluer. He gaue vs pardons plentuously, which brought vs far from purgatory, euen the nexte waye to helle, but now, that we se his chaffer is naught worthe, and therfore woll gyue naughte for it, this good father, hath chaunged his affection, and is so farre in loue with our soules, that he wolde with swerde seke for them in our bowels. I wol grãte hym for a while, we were, as he and his are, in errour, in blyndenes, if he loued vs, as surely he wolde, if he were our father, as he calleth hym selfe: if he loued vs, wolde he seke the distruction of our lyues, we bringe in an euel beleefe? ought he not rather, if he were but a good christen mã, to knele on his bare knees vnto god, and desyre hym, our bodyes myght kepe our soules, while we were better instructed? If we were in a wronge feythe, dothe not he slee our soules, if our bodies by his meanes, be slayne, er we tourne? coulde he thus doo, thus entende, if he were goddes vicar? If he loued our soules? if he sought to bryng vs to saluation? Peter pence make Paule to do as he dothe,

dothe. Our holy father enioyeth no lenger our goodes: this losse greueth hym sore, and yet he feareth therample worse than the domage. He is afrayde, leste yf god prosper vs, that other kynges woll also passe as moche of hym, as our most noble kyng dothe. We be gone from him to Christe, whiche saythe, *Qui uenit ad me, non eiiciam eum foras*, He that commeth to me, I woll not see him cast out of doores. Let our good father, which in very dede is moche meter to be a hogherde, than a shepeherde of men, let hym curse, vntyll his tonge fall into hell, they shall be blessed, that god blesseth. Let hym order his byndynge and losynge, as luste leadeth hym, There is one, that woll one day, se his sawcye power tyed shorter. For what I pray you, is lefte for pride to chalenge, whan he ones taketh vpon hym to binde that, that god commaundeth to be leuse, to leuse that that god in any wyse wolle haue bounden? God wolle all subiectes, peyne of eternall damnation, to obeye their princis. This good interpreter of goddis wyll, whan affection, gayne, or

feare of losse wol, delyuereth all pryncis subiectes from the bondes, that god hath knyt them in, and gyueth theym pardon, that leaue their duetie, that breke goddis commaundement, and curseth all theym that wol not folow his malyce, and withstand goddis pleasure. Peter and Paule toke vppon theym a power, and yet they graunted it to be cancelled within certayne lymyttes, they wente not oute of theyr bondes, they wolde not passe theyr rayles, but sayde, they had power to exhorte men, power to edifie, to reconcyle, but no power to scatter, to spoyle, to dystroy. This good father is of an nother schole, a student of Rome, taught in the consistorie of Cardynals, where though there be fewe good made, yet, there commeth fewer good thither, but they depart as euyll, as they that be theyr readers. It is with them a gay schole poynte, without any drede of god, to breake that louely bonde, whiche god hath ordeyned and sette in nature, to holde togyther, to preserue and mayntayne a thynge in this worlde for mans welth and safetie moste

nedefull

nedefull, ciuyle ordinaunce, obeysaunce of the membres to the heed, of the subiectes to theyr souerayne. What thynge is more beneficiall vnto mannes lyfe, then polytike order, then mutuall fortytie of men, knitte together in iustice, temperācie, modestie, and honest lybertie, one to helpe and comforte an other. oone to instruct and teache an other, in al thinges, but in especiall in matters belongyng to god, and suche as mayntayne this fortytie? God ordeyned kynges, magistrates, and rulers, commaundynge theym to be honoured, euen as fathers are of theyr chyldren. This is the fyrste precepte of the seconde table, wherin god setteth a polycie, and teacheth the workes, necessarye vnto mannes lyfe. He sheweth of all thynges this to be the firste, that some rule, and some obeye. Obedyence vndoubtedly is the knotte of al common weales, this broken they muste nedes runne al heedlonge to vtter destruction. God woll in any case, subiectes owe this obedience to theyr rulers, he woll they be dettours of this, and neuer to cease the

payenge of it. He requireth not onely ser-
uice of our bodyes, to be at our pynces
commaundemente, but that our hartes,
honour and serue his hyghnes, with all
loue and feythfulnes. Marke howe this
good Romishe vicar, supplieth his ma-
sters office, he giueth remission of sinnes,
to theym that offende depeste in this pre-
cepte: and curseth all theym, that hate
not goddes commandment. Good cause
he can not haue to do so, and yet he kno-
weth, his thryft is paste, if goddes com-
maundementes be kepte, and his curses
not set by. Who wolde thynke, that god-
des vycar, coulde call pynces, that were
goinge ayenste the turke, to tourne theyr
force vpon christen princes, who wolde
thinke, that he him selfe, coulde be of any
good beleke, beinge farder in loue with
turkes, whiche seke nothynge more then
the vtter ruyne of Chrystes faythe, then
with vs, that refuse with our moneye to
maintayne his pryde ayenst god and his
holy worde. Errors haue set his cheyre a-
lofte, he seeth trouthe muste nedes abase
hym. He wryteth, he sendeth, he calleth,
he

he cryeth for helpe vnto all prynces. If some of them, leduled by falſe perſuaſiõ, ſhal ſet vpõ vs, bicauſe we haue left Idolatry, driuen away deceptful Hypocriſy, that thus many yeres haue lyen lurkyng in celles, keppnge by force and craft the place of Chriſtes reingpon. Whan euer had Englande ſo good a cauſe, to fyghte as nowe? Whan euer myghte we goo to fielde with better hope of victorye, then nowe? Were it poſſyble, that they ſhulde haue better hartes, fyghtynge ayenſt religyon, ayenſte goddes worde, and ſo ayenſt god hym ſelfe, then we, that fyghte for the mayntenaunce of all thys? Cane they haue better wylles, to loſe bodyes and ſoules, then we to ſaue bothe? ſhall they take payne, to come ſo farre, to ſeke theyr owne ſorowe, and we not ſtep oute of our dooꝛes, to defende our welth, our countrey, our ſelues? haue they, yea can they haue greater cauſes, to hate Englande, then we to loue it? If they paſſe not of goddes wrothe and vengiaunce, ſo that they may brynge vs into captiuitye and bondage, ſhall not we, beinge aſ-

ſured of goddes fauour, as longe as we fauour his worde, his name, his glorye, mete with theſe, not ſo moche oures, as goddes ennemies: I muſte here ſaye a thynge, that I thynke woll make a good ſorte of vs angry at the leaſte. Certes, if we be not, as one reported vs, it myghte make vs vpon occaſion, not only ready, but very deſyreful, to ſpende, yea though it were a good quantitie of bloude, in ſo honeſt a quarell.

¶ Not longe ſithens, a ientil ientilman, (I myght ſaye he was an ambaſſatour, but then percaſe men wolde go nyghe, to geſſe whome I meane) made, at his retorne home, this reporte of vs, That ytalie of Englyſhmen hath ben greate, if hiſtories be true, but if I maye iudge by any coniectures, it is nothynge ſo nowe. I ſe neyther harneyes, ne weapons, of manhode amonges them, they haue ben of good hartes, courageouſe, bolde, valiant in marciall feates: But thoſe Englyſhe men are deade.

¶ If we had none other cauſe to fyghte, beinge prouoked with the aſſaulte of our ennemies,

enemies, wolde not this contumely, this spytefull tale, make vs shewe vnto suche reporters, that as long as Englyshe bodies remayn in Englande, they shal also fynde Englyshe stomackes, Englysshe handes, Englysshe hartes. We see verye towardes can euyll abyde to be so called and taken: and are Englysshe men nothynge stirred, to be thus counted, and of them, that are in dede but verye dastardes! What thynge had Englande euer, that it now lacketh, bõdage of the proude tyrant of Rome layde apart! were there euer at any tyme in Englande goodlyer bodies, cleaner made mẽ, than there be at this day? were there euer mo thinges to set hartes in courage, thã there be at this houre? were there euer mo rewardes for vertue? mo? nay halfe so many, as there be nowe, sythens Englande was Englande? were there at any tyme mo euydent sygnes of goddes fauour towardes vs, than haue ben these many yeres?

¶ We many nowe see, if we be not blynder than betels, why god suffered suche a nomber to rise in the North, and after to

 do no

do no hurte to this realme, but rather exceedynge moche good. For beſydes, that ſuche were wieded away, as myght haue done hurte, if our enemies had come betymes, how dyd that cõmotion furniſſhe almooſte all Englande, with weapons, with harneys, and other thynges neceſſarye for warre: howe ſone were both the Southerne and Northern men in a redyneſſe, wantynge nothynge fytte, eyther for men that intended hurte to other, eyther for theym that purpoſed theyr owne ſafette: Howe many yonge Jentylmen, that than were aſchamed they coulde ryde no better, ryde wel now? how many, that than lacked almoſte all thynge mete for a warryour, be nowe furnyſhed for all aſſayes: God vndoubted dydde moche for vs, that of ſo euyll a thyng, we receyued ſo many commodities. Harneys, bowes, bylles, gunnes, with the reſt of the furnitures for ſouldiours, were prepared than. See the goodnes of god, that wold them all to be prepared than, and all to be preſerued hole, ſounde, vnhurte for a better ſeaſon. They were commynge, whether

they

they dare come on or no, we shall see: they were commynge I saye, ageynst whome our bowes oughte to be bente, to whose hedes our billes owe blowes, into whose bosomes our arowes ought to crepe. Pitie it is, that men shulde be so mad, to coueit their own misery, rather than to suffer vs in welthe. greatte pitie to see, one christen armye ayenst an other. But for as moche as they seke to doo vs iniurye, and we only to put of wronge, if it be offered, we nede not doubte, but he woll be with vs, for whose cause we be compelled to fyghte. They can not be to fewe, that haue god on their side. They haue a feire bende of men, that haue a good cause, a good quarel to stande in. I wol for a season imagin vs to be the weker side, fewer in noumber, of lesse power than our aduersaries are, I wol not yet speake of the feates, that Englyshe men haue done in battayles.

Well, we be not so many as our enemies are, what if we be fewer, yea and man for man of moche lesse might than they are? May not the sondrye prompses

of god, the manyfold hystories of scripture, whiche proue hym iuste and trewe of his promyse, make vs lyttell to passe, of what number and strēgth so euer they be: who so dwelleth vnder the shadowe of the almyghty, hym, as Dauid saythe, god couereth with his wynges, and kepeth safe vnder his fethers. I knowe sayth he, the lord helpeth his annoynted, and euen frome heauen hereth theym. Some truste in charyottes, some in horses, but we, in callynge vppon the lorde. God can, and oft tymes dothe pyne man and beast, euen in the myddes of all plentie. God whan his wyll is, fedeth, where no foode is to be founde. And as folyshenes, whan hym lusteth, confoundeth the wyttes of the wyse, so weakenes, where god setteth to his hande, worketh wonders, and sturdy strength standeth in no stede. It is the lorde, saythe Daniel, that on highe ruleth the kyngedomes of men, gyuyng them to whom he woll. God can as wel be no god, as not true of his promyse. He saythe, who soo honoureth me, hym wol I make honorable. In an other

place

place, the same god saythe, speakynge of kynge Dauyd, bycause he hath sette his loue vpon me, I woll se hym rydde from al his troubles, I wol defende hym, why so? it foloweth, he hath knowē my name, he seketh my glorye: and therfore wham so euer he calleth vpon me, I woll here hym. yea I am with hym in all his calamities, and wol delyuer hym from them, I woll set hym hygher in honour, sende hym longe lyfe, and shewe hym his saluation.

¶ God maketh not this promyse vnto kynge Dauyd alone, but vnto all kynges, that hartyly seke his glorye, for as god promysed that, vnto hym, vpon consideration, so kyndinge the cause, in any other prynce, for whiche he bounde hym selfe to be good vnto kynge Dauyd, he faileth not to performe now, that he than promised. we haue plentifull examples of this. God suffered the Moabites and Ammonites, to set vpon good kyng Iosaphat, to trouble him with warre. This good kynge complayned, and made his mone, vnto whom I praye you: vnto the lorde,

lorde, from whens commeth all helpe, all ayde, and succoure. What sayde he: euen that that all prynces, troubled with to greate a force, ought to say, he sayd thus, The Moabites, the Ammonites, the inhabitantes of Seir, are come in batayle ayenst vs, wolt not thou our god, se them iudged, se them punished: We haue noo might ayenst this gret nombre, that setteth vppon vs, we wote not what to doo, but our eyes, o lorde, be caste vppon the. The lorde straight harde his praier, puttynge in Jezaiels mouthe these wordes that folowe. Thus saythe the lorde vnto you, be not a frayde, or faynte harted, by reason of this greatte multytude: *For the warre is not yours, but Goddes.* On the morowe, kynge Josaphat, after his coming forth towarde his enemies, sayde in this wyse to his army: It is not your partes, at the leaste it shall lyttell neade, that ye fyght in this quarell, come forthe, stand, and beholde the helpe of the lorde, which is with you, feare not, let not your hartes fayle you. Herken vnto me Juda, and ye inhabitours of Hierusalem. Truste the

lorde

lorde our god, and soo shall ye continue, beleue his prophetes, and then shall ye prospet. Whan he had sayd thus, he commaunded his syngynge men, with this songe to laude god. *Prayse ye the lord, for he is gratious, his mercy endureth for euer.* Whyle they were thus gyuing laudes vnto god there rose a sedition amonge theyr ennemies, whiche ceased not, tyl they were al slayne, not one left alyue.

¶ Amasias prepared a great hoste, supposynge throughe the multytude and strengthe of his army to vanquysshe his ennemyes. The man of god (as they called hym) came to Amasias, and sayde, sir let not the armye of Israel goo with the, for the lorde is not with Israell, neyther with any of the house of Ephraim. If thou wylte neades haue them, make thy selfe as stronge to batteyl as thou canste, thou shalt se, god wyl make the fal before thyne enemies. Here Amasias commandynge them of Ephraim to retorne home agayn, went with his owne hoste, a small nombre, and slewe.x.M. of his enemies, and toke other.x.M. alyue, whome the

army

army of Juda, caryed vp to the toppe of a rocke, and so hurled them downe.

¶ Kynge Josias, with all goodlye reuerence, toke vpon hym the defence of true religion, the maintenaunce of true worshippynge of god, he beate downe the Idols, he cut downe theyr woodes, and distroyed theyr hyl aulters. All prynces about hym feared hym, none so hardy as to offer hym battayle, prynces, had lerned by longe experyence, howe lyttel greatest power serueth ayenste them, whom god defendeth.

¶ Ezechias a godly prynce, of feruente zeale, styll occupyed in clensynge his realme of idolatrye, was greuously assauted, by a pusant host of Sennacherib the emperour of the Assirians, in soo moche that he was required by hym, to yelde vp Yerusalem. Ezechias turned hym from the helpe of mē, to the ayde of god, whom he entierly besought, that Sennacherib myght be an example to all empyres and kyngedomes, that the onelye god of the Hebrues, was the trewe god. he hadde straycht comforte. God sayde vnto hym,

Senna-

Sennacherib shall not come into the citie of Hierusalem, he shall caste no darte into it. &c. The same nyght the aungelle of the lorde wente into the Assirians tentes, and slewe aboute an. C. lxxxviii. M. of them. Thus Sennacherib was fayne to retourne home ageyne, where prayeng to his Idolle, two of his owne sonnes slewe hym.

¶ In these exaumples, who seeth not, how stedfastly god standeth with kinges that stande with hym, howe he styl'e helpeth, whan all mans helpe is paste? Had not Mardocheus bē hanged, if god had not kepte the kyng wakyng? Who wold haue thoughte, Daniell coulde haue escaped? how vncredible is it to reson, that Abram, hauynge but. iii. C. and. xviii. seruauntes, shuld vanquysshe. iiii. kynges, with all theyr force and power? how vnfaythfulle are they, on the other syde, that hearynge god saye vnto hym, feare not Abram, I am thy protectour, thy rewarde shalbe great out of measure, woll not thynke, he shulde haue conquered an hole worlde, if it hole had come ayenste hym:

hym? God ofte proueth his electe, sendynge them many sooze bzontes, he leaueth none vndefended, that constantlye putte theyz affiaunce in hym. Howe ofte was that noble capitayn Moses, in gretest perylles, daungiers, and distresses? Myghte not reason haue bzoughte hym in fulle dispayze, whan he carpenge the people of Israell from Aegypte, had at his backe a myghty, a cruell enemie, and befoze hym the magne see? Moses douted nothing, but that the sees wold make hym a dzie pathe to conueye his hoste by. They dydde so, of ragynge waters, they became quiete walles, standynge styll on bothe sydes, gyuyng safe passage, to the Israelites, and abydynge prowde Pharaos commynge, whom with all his host they swalowed vp, not leauynge one alyue. It is as Hieremie sayth, Blessed is he, that putteth his trust in the lozd. God sayth euen as moche by his pzophete Esaye, I am the lozde, saythe he, who soo putteth his truste in me, shall neuer be confounded.

¶ What troubles suffered good Josue,

Moses

Moses successour? what battayles susteined he, before he coulde dryue the. vii. wycked nations out of the lande of promission? and yet he knewe, god coude not deceyue hym, whyche sayde, As I was with Moses, so wolle I be with the, neuer forsakynge ne leauynge the. wherfore his ennemies vanquysshed, he conducted his people into the lande of Canaan, maugrey the malyce of all those fierce nations.

¶ Certes, who soo is leadynge his subiectes to the knowlege of goddis worde, to the workynge of his wyll, may wel assure hym selfe, that god woll assyste him, though that the tyrant of Rome, accompanied with a. M. legions of dyuels, bestowe all their strengthe and malyce, to the hynderaunce of soo godly a purpose. Dauid, beinge dryuen oute of Hierusalem by his sonne Absolom, and suche as rebelled with hym, brake his griefe vnto god, not doubtynge, but he shulde come ayen to his right well ynough. If he nothynge mystrusted, to recouer Hierusalem, being lost, and in the handes of his

lorme, whom a great part of his realme, moche fauoured, shulde we thynke it an harde matter, to kepe ours from theym, that we all haue greattest causes to hate? If they truste in a traytour, that can do nothynge, but vtter his owne malice and folyshenes, vnto whom all examples of scripture, thzetten a shamefull ende, shal we, hauyng a pzince our capitayn, vnto whome god byndeth vs to owe all dewties, whom god also pzomiseth to defend, not make this trayterouse Cardynalles bloudy hat, couer a bloudy pate? Myght not theramples of Chozе, Dathan, and Abiron, pzeache to hym, and all that folowe hym, some strange kynde of death? Absaloms father moch desyzed, that his sonne mpght scape vnslayne, commaundynge his capitayns and souldiozs, in any case to saue him alive: his father wold fayne haue had it so, but god wolde none of it. Dauid sayde, *Saue my sonne Absalom.* Joab, chiefe capptayne, harde his commandement, and yet whan he sawe hym hange betwene the bowes, by the heare, he coulde not but runne hym thzoughe

with

with his launce: kynge Dauid wepte and wyshed to haue boughte his sonnes lyfe, with the losse of his owne. But god that beareth noo suche blynde affection, woll alowe no such chaunge. The father forgaue his parte, god wolde in no wyse remytte his. If dedes maye speake, doo not so many exaumples, as we haue had a late, preach shameful death to all traytours, to al rebels: Can any man thinke, but that Poole hasteneth a pase, to that that goddis right iugement driueth hym vnto: Come not all they to theyr confusion, that come to ayde a traytour agaynst his countrey, agaynst religion, agaynste god: whom I praye you, can he bryng with him, but suche as Englyshe men in tyme paste haue hadde fayre days vpon? If they were wonte to leaue theyr owne countreys, at the commynge of a smalle Englyshe host, shal we al passe of a fewe of them: I haue hitherto handeled the matter, as though we were euen as that gay ambassatour reported vs: But now I wolle a lyttell shewe, what they haue wonne at our handes in tyme paste, and

how we are now as able as euer we haue ben, to withstande them, they neuer weaker than nowe, neuer lesse able to inuade vs then nowe. for as our cause is able to enstrengthen al weaknes, so is their quarell able to make weapons faule oute of the handes of men strongeste. We maye saye, our guyde is not oone, that beinge not called, toke this power vpon hym, he is our kynge, our ruler, by the wyll and ordinance of god, he is goddis minister, vnto whose charge god hath commytted this realme, the gouernement is his, by goddis appoyntment, our dueties, to obey and serue him by goddes commaundement. What may our enemies say, to comforte them in theyr vyage? we haue taken this iourneye, by the aduyse of an arrant traytour, we haue a rebell to our capitayne, we go where god hath appointed vs nothynge to doo. Howe many mo thynges maye combre them? howe fewe put theym in harte to entre amonge vs? what nation canne come hyther, but we maye take our selfes, god beinge but indyfferente, ablet to defende our realme, then

thenne they to inuade it: I woll take re-
corde of none of our owne cronicles. Let
vs beleaue but our enemies, let it be true
that they say: Haue we not haue better
hartes to encounter with the proudest of
them, than they to lande in our realme?
Reade Froysarte, a frenche wryter. who
wolde almoste thynke it possyble, that he
wryteth of vs: It were ryghte expedient.
that ponge Jentyll men dydde ofte reade
theyr fathers noble actes, wherby vn-
doubtedlye they may bothe be encoura-
ged, to the like, and also know the weake
nes of their enemys. We can not be worse
matched, then we haue ben, and that at
sondry tymes. We that then dyd so well,
our quarell often tymes beinge but for a
money matter, can we thynke now to do
amysse, fyghtynge for the defence of reli-
gion, the restorynge of goddes worde,
the mayntenaunce of goddes honour:
Who can rede the battayle of Cressy, and
not conceyue wonderful hope of victory,
whan we be any thynge egally matched:
If noble Edwarde the thyrd, coude van-
quisshe the frenche kynge, and almoste al

the floure of Fraunce, they beinge, as
theyr owne wryters testifie. viii. to doone
of ours, what shal noble Henry the. viii.
doo, whome god, by all wayes, seketh to
enhaunce? Oughte not the battayle of
Poyters to remaine freshe in our memo-
ries, where an handfull of Englishe men
ouerthrewe all the force of Fraunce? for
as theyr story sayth, there durst none tary
from that fielde, but suche as neyther re-
garded honour ne shame. The frenche
kynge was taken there, and well nere al
the nobles of Fraunce slayne. The bat-
tayle of Altoye in Britayne, maye not be
forgotten, our countreye wanne there no
small honour. For albeit the frenche men
& Britons, ordered them selfe in theyr a-
tay wonderful prudently, & in theyr fight
verye manfully, yet were they all slayne,
or discomfyted. We haue also sometyme
soughte honour in Spayne, and founde
it very fortunatly. Dyd not noble prynce
Edwarde discomfet kynge Henriche, v-
surper of the crowne of Spayne, van-
quyshe there, bothe the frenche men and
Spaniardes, and settle kynge Peter in
his

his right and roume ageine: where dyd the hardye hartes and manly courages of the Englyshe men better appere, than in the battayle on the see before Sluse in Flaunders: the fight was fierce and terrible, and our men sore matched, for there were. iiii. of them to one englysshe man, and they very experte men of warre vpon the see. There was no place to flee, none to recule to, without losse of all. Here the noble Englyshemen bare them selfe so valyantly, that they got the victorie, vtterly discomfetynge and sleinge all the frenche men and Normans. We may forget the battayle of Agincourt, but they woll remember and are lyke neuer to forget, with howe small an army, that most prudent and victorious kynge Henry the fyfte, vanquyshed that huge host of french men. How moche to al our comfortes, may we reioyse in the memory of the battayle, whiche most noble and victorious kynge Henry the eyghte, called the fielde *Des esprons*, that is the fielde of spurres, bycause both the french men, as that daye, lefte all theyr defence, and

vsed nothynge but their spurres, fleinge one in an others necke, and we also compelled to vse nothynge soo moche as our spurres, in pursuing them, that so swiftly fledde, in folowynge them, that in no case wolde abyde, in rydynge after them, that so fast ran away? His hyghnes was than almost with al the nobilitie of Englande, yea with al the flowre and force of our nation in Fraunce: and yet the kyng of Scottes founde ynough at home, to defende lytel Englande. He came, whan our strength was oute of the realme, he came vnloked for, with great prouisyon, with a puisant army. His chance might teache other pryncis, rather to gouerne well, that they haue, thanne to seke, that they can not come by. We that haue thus ben vsed to victories, ofte beaten our ennemies, of what nation soo euer they be, can we now loke for lesse than great and hygh honour at theyr handes? haue not they as good cause, to be afrayde of vs, of whome they haue receyued soo manye damages? as we to go with all courage ayenst them, whom we haue so oft put to flighte,

flyght, so ofte shamed, so ofte put to the woorse: had we then stomackes, & shal we lacke now: had we than cause to do valiantly, and fynde we none now: was there euer prince, that dyd, or coulde better rewarde the seruyce of his subiectes, than our moste bountifull soueraygne: haue not all we, that be Sotherne men, good cause to shewe our selfe harty, courragious, valyaunte, seinge that we knowe, the Northen men, woll do what they can, to make a large mendes, for theyr laate faute: I doubt not, but they haue moche desyred, some suche occasyon, to testyfye their hartes and fydelytie, to the kynges hyghnes. They haue sene, howe mercyfully his grace gaue theym theyr lyues, whiche the lawes chalenged as forfayte and loste. We may all truste, they wolle well declare to his hyghnesse, that he rather lente them lyues, than gaue them a-ny. And that they haue them in store redy to render theym, whan so euer his honoure, his cause, his commandemente, shall require theym. They beinge thus set, can we Sothern men, come any fote

behynde them: Shall they be gladder to wype away ſuche blemyſhe, as fell vpon them, by the crafty ſeducemente of ſuche as are nowe worthyly deade, than we deſyrefull, to encreaſe his gracis beneuolence towarde vs? I truſt, as we be one realme, ſo our enemies ſhall fynde vs of one harte, one fydelitie, one allegiance. As god helpe me, euen in the tyme of the inſurrection, I halfe wyſhed, that ſome our enemies had ſet vpon vs. I dyd not alone lament, that whan bothe parties were ſo furnyſhed to battayle, there was ſo vnmete a matche, for men to ſhew thē ſelfe hardy. I had red, and ofte remembred the wyſe anſwere of Scipio to his ſouldiours. His hoſte harde that the Romains were at diſſention, and wolde nedes haue hadde hym, to ſet vpon theym, whyle they were ſoo at variance. Naye, not ſo, ſayth Scipio, this were euen the nerre waye to make theym agreed. And whan his ſouldiors, wolde make no ende of deſyrynge him to go towardes Rome, he cauſed a couple of maſtiues to be ſette to gether by the eares, and euen whanne

they

they were hardest at it, he in the syght of all his hoste, shewed vnto the dogges a wolfe, whiche as soone as the dogges sawe, they straight way, were at one, and both folowed the wolfe. Men ofte tymes fayle of theyr purpose, and turne thinges quyte contrarye to that they intended. There was a good wyfe, for soo we call them that be maryed, whiche beinge very wery of her husband, thoughte to dispatche hym by poyson. This woman a frayde, leste one poyson wolde not serue her torne, toke two, thynkynge she therby shoulde quyckelye and spedelye haue wroughte her feate. She was deceyued, for where thone poyson alone had slayne hym, the stryfe of the one with the other saued hym alyue. If her cruelty had ben lesse, she had surely broughte her purpose to effecte. Poyson hath put me in minde, here to tell a story done in our tyme, not longe sythens, by a noble man of Rome. I shall lyttell digresse from my purpose, for ye maye also lerne by this storye, that men ofte tymes haue great hurte, where they loke for great pleasure. There is in

Italy

Italye a tentil man, whome for his vertue and noble qualities, the holy college of Cardinals, by intrete of Paule theyr bysshoppe, haue made cappteyne of the churche: his name is Petrus Aloisius, a braunche commen of a good stocke, as ye shal wel perceiue by his fruites. This great capitayne, by chaunce had to passe by the byshoppe of Phanes house. The byshoppe hearynge of this, and glad he had occasion gyuen hym, to offer kyndenes vnto suche an estate, mette signior Petro Aloisio, and offerid him his house. The cappytayne of the Romysche churche, was lyghtly persuaded, to lodge with the byshop. the bysshop intertеyned hym, as hyghely as he coulde deuyse. sparynge neyther labour, in proupdynge all suche deynties as myghte make his chere the better, ne cost in dressyng of them. whan supper and bankets were done, the time of reste well paste forthe, the bysshoppe brought his guest to his chambre, where he desyred hym of pardon, that his chere was noo better, trustynge thoughe there were nothynge mete for suche a personages in-

ges interteynment, that yet he wolde accepte his good harte and wylle, whiche fayne wold his fare had ben higher, and is moche sory it was not so. And there he made hym the courteyse offer of the Italyan, desyrynge hym, if there were any thynge in all his house, that his phantasie stode to, that he wolde thynke it his owne, and so to take it. And that he, his body, his harte, and all his, was at signior Aloisius commandement. I knewe the bysshoppe wonderfull well: he was vndoubted, as well lerned a ponge man, as fewe were in Italy. His style so pure, he in writynge so elegante and eloquent, that I dare saye, there were not. x. in all Italye, not two of his age, that coulde matche hym. The cappytayne, after the bysshop had bydden hym good nyghte, called. iii. or. iiii. of his men to hym, tellynge them all of the bysshops offer, sayinge, I lyke well this parte of the offer, that his body is at my commandemente, I intende to morowe in the mornynge to prouc, whether he be a man of his worde or noo. If I canne not obteyne by fayre

meanes,

meanes, I intende to vse your helpe, and haue it by force. Wherfore be not farre of at his commynge hyther. The bysshop came in the mornyng, to gyue hym good morowe, he dyd so. The capitayne thanked hym moche for all his kyndnes, and moste of all, that he hadde made hym the nyghte before so ample an offer, saying, thoughe there be manye thynges here, which I fansy wel, yet I purpose to take that parte of your offer, where ye sayde your person is at my commaundemente. Certes I woll sease vpon that, and leaue all other thynges to you. The bysshoppe sore astonied, knew what his abomynable demaunde ment. and sayde: Syr I knowe ye can lyttell fansye, thynges soo fylthy, myne age maketh your wisedome to attempte me, therby to haue a proofe of myne honestie. No *Sangue di dio*, sayth the capitayne, I meane ernest, and I praye you so take it. The bishop nowe no more astonyed, but euen hart angry, made him a sharpe answere. Syr sayth he, thoughe I haue not made you suche chere, as I wolde, yet haue I made you as good as

I

I coulde haue done, thoughe the empe-
rour had ben in my howse. for suche my
good wyll, I lytel thought ye wold haue
offered me so great vylanye, and in myne
owne house. but set your harte at rest, I
woll be torne in peces, rather than you, or
any lyuyng creature, shal make me wil-
lyngly to fall into so brute and vnnatu-
rall a synne. What trowe ye the capitayn
dyd here? lyke a capitayn of that churche
I warrant you. His men were at hande,
whiche enforced the byshop, spite of all
his struinge, to kepe his promyse. How
happy is Aloisius, that hathe suche fau-
tes, as none his aduersarie dare charge
hym withal? a thynge to be wondred at,
men can not tel without shame, that they
do nothynge ashamed of. The bysshop
sayd, Sodom & Gomorra sunke for this
synne, woll god se it euer vnpunyshed in
the? though god differ punyshment, in-
tendyng them peyne euerlasting, whose
offences are greatter than any punyshe-
mēt here may be thought mete for them,
woll not the emperour one day se lawes
made for such syn executed? I truste to se
his

his maieſtie, er it be longe, I truſte to be harde, and nothynge doubt, but he woll ſe this vilrage, this vylanye, that thou haſte done me, puniſhed. I woll make an ende of ſoo fylthye a matter, and trouble honeſt eares no lengar. This capitayne of the churche, prouyded ſo, that within iiii. or. v. days after, the byſhop was poiſoned. Wold ye not think this graffe cam of good ſyze? his mother was brought e a bed, longe er ſhe were maried, and his father is nowe byſhop of Rome. Trowe ye, the churche of Rome, wherof ſuche a father is the heade, ſuche a ſonne the capitain, is not a dere darling vnto Chriſt? Wolde he let her be gouerned of the one, defended of the other, if he loued her not exceadyngely? Dothe not god rather admonyſhe all princis, howe lyttell he ſetteth by this ſtrompet of Babylon, whom he hath left in ſuche mens handes? Here I muſt nedes tell, that that I haue hard Reynolde Pole, the Cardinall ofte ſaye, and not I alone, but many mo, whom I can name, men of honeſte credyte. This Pole, than a perle of his contrey, nowe a foule

foule pocke to it, wente to Rome at his fyrst beynge in Italy, thynkynge to haue leyne there halfe a yere or more. God let me neuer speake, ne wryte after this day, If he hath not sayde, and that very ofte, where I haue ben in presence, that whan he had ben there. iii. or. iiii. dayes, and seen the abhomynation of the cardinals, byshops, and other theyr officers, with the detestable vices of that citie, he could in no wyse tary there any lenger. He could not than abyde. v. dayes in Rome. and now, Ambition be thanked, he hath this alwayes in his mouthe, *Roma mihi patria est*, Rome is my natiue countreye. Hath not Rome a wonderfull vertue in it, that thus sone can brynge men at one with vyce, in loue with synne and abhomynation! If he a traytour, forsaketh his countreye, changeth Englande for Rome, fyghting for them, ayenste vs, shall we not stycke to our countrey, not fight ayenst al men, in defence of Englande? They thynke to worke vs moche displeasure. they maye chance to make the rodde for vs, and we to beate them. A man set vppe a peyer of

gallowes, to hange Mardocheus vpon: Mardocheus euen by that occasion was made nerte vnto the kynge in honour, and Aman truste vppe. There is a prety greke Epigram, whiche saythe, A poore felawe, beinge in great necessitie, moche troubeled for lacke of pence, gat hym an halter, and thoughte therewith to haue made an ende of his mysery. by chaunce, as he sought a tree, he founde an hourde of money. councell here he neaded none, to persuade him to chaunge his purpose. No, he forthwith layde the halter where he founde the money. But he that hadde lodged his treasure there, not longe after commynge thyther, and finding it gone, and an halter at hande, thoughte the vse of his money paste hym, and so vsed the halter. The bysshop of Rome thynketh to haue a great pray here, The cardinall thynketh so to, they may chaunce to seke hurdes, and fynde halters. They truste by this vyage, to wynne theyr spurres, perchance they may lose theyr bootes to. At the beginnynge, who coulde thynke, but the laste commotion wold haue done

excedynge

excedynge moche hurt to England: God euer be thanked, we could scase haue wisshed it better. assuredly, we myght wonderous euyll haue lacked it. Mo exaumples myghte be broughte, but the commynge of this trayterouse cardynall, the commodities that I truste woll ensue of it, shall make vs mystrust fewe thynges hereafter, excepte we become chaungelynges, and for a tryfle leaue that we haue hitherto godly folowed. The diuell in an other worlde myght playe hym, He had men inough, that wrought for hym, he then was at rest, but nowe he seeth his kyngdome is assauted, and that he must either lose a great portion of his dominion, or els in tyme besturre hym. he hateth alwayes good princis and magistrates, neuer ceassynge to styrre vp sedition vpon them, to bryngе in ennemies, to interrupte that they go aboute. It is verye tru, that saynt Cyprian saith, The deuyl, Christis aduersarie, besiegeth no tentes so sone, pitcheth battayle with none soo soone, as with the souldiours of Christ. Men in errours, men drowned in lustes,

in noughtynesse, after he hath throwen them downe, and made them full his, he cõtemneth and passeth by them, nothyng a frayde leste they starte. But those he sekethe to hurle downe, whome he seeth stonde fast. Wherfore, seinge no men are more troubled, none ofter assauted with greater perils, then they that intende to do truely the office of Christen magistrates, it is exceedynge nedefull, that a kynges reason, power, harte, and mynde be well defended with the shielde of goddes worde, with affyaunce in his promyses, that therby he may stande sure, ayenst all stormes of this world, ayenste all surges of frownynge fortune, ayenste al violent force, not onely of men, but of dyuelles. God be praysed, we haue a prynce of inuincible courage, whose hart god hath so enuironed with his graces, so furnisshed with his giftes, so strengthened with the assured affyaunce of his promyses, that he wol venture al thynge rather then the losse of his subiectes sowles. He woll rather be at vtter enmitie with all prynces, thē suffer the knowlege of goddes word, to be

to be taken out of his realme. His highnes woll in no case, his subiectes commit any foznication hereafter with that abhominable hoze, which hitherto these many yeres, hath soused al kyngedomes in the dzagges of Idolatry, of Hypocrisie, of al errours. His grace wol, their lowsy marchãtes vtter no moze of their dzoke ware among vs. And as his highnes wol our soules be out of peryll, soo I pzaye you, what kynge, sythens kynges ruled fyrste this realme of Englãd, hath made greater pzouision foz the saftie of our bodies? Is it possible, that any his gracis subiecte, can refuse peyne, whan his hyghnes rydeth about from hauen to hauen, from castell to castell, dayes and nightes deuysynge all the wayes, that wytte can inuent, foz our assuraunce? What charges is his grace at, foz the fortifienge of Caleys, Hammis, Guysnes, foz the repayzing of Douer hauen, Douer castel, foz buildinge bulwarkes in the Downes, bulwarkes at Folkestone. What a Realme woll Englande be, whan his grace hath set walles, accozdinge to the diches,

that rumne rounde aboute vs: England wol than be moch liker a castel, than a realme. His grace hath deuised a bulwark in the Camber, a bulwark at Calshottes poynte, a bulwarke at the Easte cowe, a bulwarke ãt the West cow. His highnes fortifieth Portismouth, Southampton, Weymouth, Portland rode, Torre baye, Plymmouthe hauen, Dermouth hauen, Falmouth hauen. This ones done, what enemy, be he neuer so strong, wol thinke, he can inuade England on those parties of it? Now, that ye may know, his highnesse careth for all, and not for some, he fortifyeth Barwycke, both towne and castelle, Carliel, towne and castel, setting men a worke for the repayring of Warke castell, Bambrough castell, Alnwicke castel, Scarborowe castell, Powmfret castell, fortifieng also kyngston vpon Hul, Grimisbye vppon Humber. Lynne also shall be made strong, Yermouth rode fortified, two bulwarkes set vp at Lestoffe. Alborne Hoppe in Norfolke, Langers poynte, Orwell hauen, are to be fortifyed. ii. blocke houses to be made at Tilbery,

ry. iiii. blockehouſes at Graues ende, whi
che with many other foꝛtreſſes and mu-
nitions, foꝛ this our countrey, his grace
woll ſhoꝛtely with all ſpede, to be ſet foꝛ-
warde. Iſ his highnes thus diligentely
watche, that we maye ſafely ſlepe, ſpend
his treaſure thus largely, that we maye
ſurely kepe our goodes, were it not our
great ſhame, to ſuffer his highnes to tra-
uaile alone? Is it not our partes, in this
oone thynge, euen to contende with his
grace, that is, to loue his honour, his
pꝛoſperytie, moꝛe than he canne loue our
welth & ſaketie? we might, yea we ought
to ſtrꝛue with his grace, and to deſire to
ouercome hym, in louynge our contreye.
and his highnes goinge befoꝛe, to the de-
fence of Englande, can we tary behinde?
where his highnes is contente to ſpende
all his treaſure, content to venture hym
ſelfe foꝛ our ſaftie, can we be ſo vnnatu-
rall, as not to acknowlege ſuche good-
nes of our ſoueraygne? can we acknow-
lege it, and not thynke our ſelues bound
to ſpende bodyes, goodes, foꝛ his hygh-
nes pꝛeſeruation, thoughe we ſhulde re-

ceiue therby noue other commoditie? can we beinge in moste ieoperdie our selues, not besturre vs? were it not our vtter rebuke, that his highnes shuld loue vs better thē we our selues? we must not think, that we fight with ennemies, which wol be content with victorie, if they gette the ouer hande of vs: they seke our bloude, they couet our destruction, & if they spare some, yet the sacke, the spoyle shall touch all men. The turke suffereth men, taken in warre, to kepe theyr religion, to serue god, as his lawes woll. The bysshop of Rome, moch crueller then Turke or Sarasē, thinketh his victory worth nothing, except he ouerthrowe goddes worde, except he driue out ryght religion, except he vtterly bannysshe Christe. Honour is offered vs, and suche honour vndoubtedly as neuer came to our nation, if we lust to take it. I woll ende with a prophesie, not lately commen out of wales, but founde in scripture, in the. iiii. boke of Esdras. There is mentiō made of a proude Egle, that so moche toke vpon her, that al princes, all kyngdomes were troden vnder

her

her kete. What and whom this Egle figureth, we can not doubte, if we wol beleue goddes owne exposycion. It sygnyfieth sayth he, the saine kyngedome, that Daniel sawe in his vysyon, whiche was the kyngdome of Antichriste, the reigne vndoubtedly of the byshoppe of Rome. All thynges spoken here of the Egle, agree with hym as iust as may be. This byrde. sayth the texte, made al the erth afrayde, al men trembled, at her syght, all thynge became subiecte to it, no man, a long season so hardy, as to gaine say her. But at the laste saythe Esdras, *Ecce Leo, concitatus de sylua rugiens*, Loo, there came out of a woode a Lion a gret pase, rorying a lowd, and sayde to this saucye and mysproude Egle, I woll speake with the, the lorde hath to say to the, and woll say thus, Art not thou he, that hast ouercome the other my creatures, whiche I wolde haue had reigned in my worlde? Arte not thou he, that hast ruled the worlde in moche feare and tremblyng, holdinge it in naughtiest labour, in workes moste fonde, dwellyng in all partes of the erth, by deceyte crafte

and treachery? Art not thou he, that hast iudged the erth, *non in veritate*, in falshode, not in truthe? Thou haste troubled the mylde sorte, and hurte theym that loued quietnes, peace, and rest, mē that sought and taught the ease of troubeled cōsciences. Thou hast loued lyers, and destroyed the habitations of them, that brought forth good fruite, settynge idle and drane bees in theyr places. Thy spitefull handlynge of the worlde, the contumely thou diddeste vnto all princes, is ascended vp euen to the syghte of the hygheste. Thy pryde is sene. God hath loked vpon this proude tyme, and Lo, saythe this courageous Lion, his tyme is at an ende, the mischefes of this Egle are almooste at a poynte. Wherfore, saythe the Lion, appere thou noo more Egle, neyther thyne horrible winges, nor thy mischeuous hedes, nor thy rauenyng clawes, ne thy body whiche is holly compacte of vanities, al vayne, the Lorde cryeth to the, Away: the Lion, hauynge a mans voyce, as the texte sayth, byddeth the trudge. and whythe cause straight foloweth, That thou ones

gone,

gone, the erthe may be refreshed: that thy kyngedome ones fallen, men may turne ageyne to freedome, delyuered from thy vyolent power: that thy baggage caste out of mens hartes, they maye hope, to receyue his iugement, his mercy, whiche made the erthe, and al the dwellers vpon it. While the lusty Lion spake these wordes, the heed of the Egle began to stand awrye, the winges were no more sene, her kyngedome wared weake, feble, full of trauayle, tumulte, and busynesse, moch a do to kepe it on fote, all the Egles bodye was set a fyre.

¶ That prowde Rome is mente by this prowde Egle, the texte is playne, the circumstaunces are suche, that thoughe it were in doubte, we myght easyly applye the Egle to the Romyshe byshop, and to none other. Nowe by the Lyon, who is ment, the texte sayth nothynge. What if I contende, noble HENRY the. VIII. to be this Lyon? May I not haue many coniectures, to leade me this way: many thynges euen taken of the same place, to make other men thinke so to: Fyrste, as

the

the Egle hath alwayes ben the Romains badge, so hath kynges of Englande euer more gyuen the Lyon in their armes: so that it can so wetle be applied to none other prince. The Uenetians gyue the Lion, but their Lyon commeth not oute of the wodde, but oute of the water. They dwell in water, our Lyon fetcheth all his force nerte vnto god, out of the woddes, our bowes, our arrowes, are fetched oute of the woddes. Our Lyon, whan he rangeth towarde his enemies, wel declareth to them, that he cometh frome the wood. But to go somewhat nyghet to our purpose: who hathe tolde the rauenynge Egle, this terryble tydynges? Who but HENRY the VIII. our noble and courageous Lion? This Lion, saith the text, is a wynde, whyche the lorde hath kepte in store, for these later days, bothe to tosse the Egle and her byrdes, and also to refreshe, refrigerate, and comfort our consciences, that so longe a season haue laboured, panted, and boyled in synne, styl in feare of hel. Hath not our noble king, with sondry blastes of the spirite of god,

all

all to rent this poppyshe power: al to shaken his neste: his seate: his high trone: this wynde hath hurled suche duste into the Egles eyes, that her heed begynneth to ware gyddy, her wynges to cary her, she woteth not whither, her clawes, to let fall suche prayes, as she thought to haue brought to her nest. This wynde, our lordes prayse be it, hath blowen vs oute of this cruell Egles reache, we fele no more her sharpe talendes, whiche in time past, so griped our hartes, so seasoned vppon our soules. Our countreye is refreshed, our hope fyxed in the iudgemente of the lorde, our affiaunce sette faste in goddis mercy. Hath not our couragious Lyon, our pleasant wynde, blowen vp a blast, that refreshed vs all, whan he by his prechers, by his proclamations, brake the cheynes, that our soules laye tyed in, slaues and bond to Romishe tyranny: Cam there not a gay cole to our hartes, whan our Lyon sayd, *Hens proude Egle, appere no more here in Englande!* Went there not sondry great lumpes of heuynes from oure hartes, whā we that were wont to dreade no-

nothyng so moche, as the myspowde iu-
gemente of the Egle, begunne to refuse
mercy and forgyuenes at his hande, and
to seke it of hym, whiche made vs, and is
mercy it selfe, and the onely forgyuer of
synnes? Is not this a swete breathe, that
our wynde powreth vppon vs all? Be
not these pleasant blastes? This wynde
is cited to aryse, cyted by hym, that ruleth
all wyndes, in the.iiii. chappter of Can-
tica canticorum, by these wordes, Uppe
thou northy wynde, blowe vpon my gar-
deyn, that the smell therof may be caried
on all sydes, that my derely beloued may
come thither, and eate of the fruites, that
growe therin. Is not our wynde vp, ac-
cordynge to his call, hath not he wel bla-
sted his commission abrode? hath not he
tolde the Egle of her rauenynge? of her
spoyle, and slaughter? If he hathe done
thus, and no pryncē but he, why may not
we thinke, that noble HENRY the VIII
is the Lyon, the wynde ordeyned & sente
by god, to tosse this wycked tyraunte of
Rome, to blowe him out of al christen re-
gions? Se ye not, to what honour god
calleth

calleth our nation? may not we reioyce, that god hath chosen our kyng, to worke so noble a feate? God sayth, a Lion shall teare this tirãtes auctorite in peces. God sayth, a wynde shal shake hym out of his cheyer: shall we not thynke, this Lyon, this wynde, to be our soueraygne, our kynge, whiche firste of all princes, durst take hym by the bosome? Let this yelling Egle approche towarde vs, let her come with all her byrdes about her, let a traytour cary her standard: doth not god say, her wynges shall be cut, her kyngedome waxe feble, the Lyon waxe stronge, and saue the residue of goddes people, filling them full of ioye and comfort, euen while the worlde endureth. Let vs, let vs therfore worke lustely nowe, we shall play for euer hereafter. Let vs fight this one fielde with englysshe handes, and englysshe hartes, perpetuall quietnes, rest, peace, victorie, honour, welthe, all is owers.